

OLD STORIES RETOLD.

Theatrical Farewell. Garrick and Siddons. I. DAVID GARRICK.

At the beginning of 1776, theatrical London was both startled and distressed to hear rumors clear and confident in the clubs and in the park, louder and more certain in the green-rooms, of Garrick's intention to leave the stage, where he had so long reigned the delight and wonder of the age, and the emperor of all hearts.

It had long been known that Barry's rivalry (Barry was the most ardent and tender of "Romeos") had compelled the great actor to exertions far beyond his strength. The death of his energetic coadjutor, Mr. Laoy, the joint patronage of Drury Lane, had thrown upon Garrick a burden too great for his back to bear. From 1773 (the date of Barry's death), he had almost abandoned Bosworth Field, Dover cliff, and the gloomy fortress at Dunsinane, for his even more congenial haunts in the wainscoted drawing-rooms and palaces ante-chambers of comedy, where, aided by charming Mrs. Abington, the best would-be fine lady ever seen on the boards, he still bantered as "Benedict," mounted the ladder as "Ranger," blustered as "Don Felix," or became a mean and exquisite gull as "Abel Dragger."

In January, 1778, appeared a poor farce of Colman's, called *The Spy*; or, *Admission Spies*, meant to ridicule the allocations of wealth to fashionable citizens, who, discontented with their own snug independence, had vainly tried to turn a Pentonville chalybeate into the centre of a second city of Bath. The piece ran for a fortnight only. In the prologue, written by Garrick with his usual neatness and vivacity, public allusion was first made to the intended retirement of the author. After describing the restless cit, who, on the heels of "Lord Filmy" and "Maccaronis," retires to his villa at Islington, and, among his leaden gods and box-tree peacocks, sighs for the merry-bustle of Butcherow, the writer says:—"The master of this shop, too, seeks repose, sits in his stock-in-trade—his verse and prose, his dagger, buckskin, thunder, lightning, and old clothes."

Garrick was already preparing for that solemn last scene of all.

"That ends this strange, eventful history."

A few days after the appearance of *The Spy*, Garrick produced the farce of *Don Ton*. He had written this satire of the follies imported from France, as a present for his favorite actor, King, who appeared in it, together with arch Mrs. Abington and sensible Miss Pope.

The versatile genius who had first appeared on the stage at Ipswich, in 1741, as "Abouan" (in Southern's *Chronicle*), "Sir Harry Wildair," and "Harlequin," was about to close his triumphs, and leave his mimic world.

He was rich, he was famous; the wise, the learned, and the beautiful crowded to his almost royal levees still.

"Superfluous lagged the veteran on the stage." The call-boy now spoke with a hollow and warning voice, and the prompter was old age. It had been a long phantasmagoric life of pleasure and success since, as a trim lad of eighteen, he and his strange, clever, unsuccessful schoolmaster had set out from Lichfield to try their fortunes in London. A long procession of years had passed before him since, in Goodman's Fields, he first defied the rivalry of Macklin, Quin, and Cibber, and set Mrs. Clive, Mrs. Pritchard, and Mrs. Woffington talking of the clever young man with the large dark eyes, who had been pestered by Lord Orrery, and who had even drawn the great Mr. Pope from Twickenham. Hogarth, too, was full of admiration. The string of the "quality" carriages had reached from Temple Bar to the little theatre. The mad king, the generous hero, the butterfly rake, the honest farmer, the maddened tyrant, had all changed at last into the one final character of the almost worn-out old man.

These great classic eyebrows had lost their spring; the subtle mouth its magic power; those supernatural eyes their hidden fire and sunshine; age, cruel age, had disenchanted that gifted face, which had so well mimicked all the passions of our species; the voice, once clear as a clarion, melodious as a flute, varied as the note of a mocking-bird, was fast sinking to childish treble. All London felt keenly what a course of pleasure was henceforth to be closed to them. Garrick's parsimony and nervous vanity were now forgotten, his virtues and genius better remembered. His "Brute" and "Bayes," his "Lear" and "Richard," his "Kitey" and "Dragger," had been the friends of the town for years, and the most intellectual iron had spent their most innocent and happiest hours in their society.

That Garrick felt intense pain at the thought of this impending parting there can be no doubt. He was like the sleeping knight in Tasso's enchanted garden of Amida, now at last to be roughly awoke and expelled from the golden world of dreams. The stage crown was to be laid down, the stage sceptre to be given to other hands. The painted forests of Arden were to be quitted, the dim magic light of the darkened stage, the pastebord dresses, and Richard's royal couch, were to be seen no more; red fire was no longer to glare upon him; stage jewels were to be laid aside. He was to go forth in his old age into the cold, garish, prosaic outer world, and to leave his courtiers and armies, his conspirators and peasants, to be governed by another. Like "Caliban," he must also have vent to "dream again."

Shakespeare himself had a deep sense of the perishable nature of an actor's fame. It is easier to describe a special rainbow, or the swift vision of a momentary sunbeam, than to convey an impression to those who have not seen him what even Robson was like in his sliminess of nervous irritation alternating with gaiety. Who can describe justly Macready's "Wermer" or "Virginius," the elder Keen's tiger-like rage, or the generous manliness of Hamlet? The actor's true fame perishes with his life; after death it is only a fitful and varying tradition. It soon becomes disputed whether Roscius or Garrick were or were not better than the Boanerges of this or that theatre, he who acts "Othello" like the mad butcher that he is, and croaks through "Hamlet" like the raven on "Macbeth's" battlements. *Ad vicia!* such is the fame of the actor. It really ceases when the footlights are put out after the last appearance. The poem and novel may be eternal. The picture has its own more precarious but still long existence, the conquest is remembered by the future misery it entails; but the actor, the actor is

"Stuffy" As dreams are made of, and his little life Is dreamed by a sleep." His painted world of laughter and of tears is but the baseless fabric of a vision; his cloud-capped towers are but as the evening shadows, and melt into air—into thin air. Garrick had already felt some bitter foretastes of death. The worst kick the dying lion receives is from the hoof of the ass. The detractors, who often appear like bees in the twilight of a great man's life, began to say that as "Ranger" he had got old in the legs;

that his face was too wrinkled and his eyes too lustreless for "Romeo"; that his voice was too hoarse and hollow for "Hamlet." His dimples had become pits, and they; his neck was snowy; his upper lip was like a turgid piece of leather. Cibber had been better as "Bayes," Quin as "Sir John Brute" and "Macbeth"; the town had disliked his "Hotspur." O'Brien had been a smarter coxcomb and man of fashion. Mrs. Clive had surpassed him in low comedy, Quin in "Lear," Johnson in nature. Mrs. Porter in passionate tragedy. These foolish, hasty, hatered as strongly as if they could derive pecuniary benefit from a great man's downfall, and Garrick, all nerve and vanity, Garrick, the man who wrote his own critiques, quivered as every gnaw-bite as if he had been crushed by the teeth of a tiger.

"Three acts are done, the rest grows stale, The lamps are growing dim and pale, And reason asks cut *tono*!"

The night before he quitted the stage for ever Garrick had farewell to tragedy. He played "Lear" to the "Cordelia" of Miss Young. His biographer, Murphy, tells us where Garrick got his model for the making. He says:—

"When he began to study this great and difficult part, he was acquainted with a worthy man who lived in Leman street, Goodman's Fields; this friend had an only daughter, about two years old; he stood at his dining-room window fondling the child, and dangling it in his arms, when it was his misfortune to drop the infant into a flagged area, and killed it on the spot. He remained at his window screaming in agonies of grief. The neighbors flocked to the house, took up the child, and delivered it dead to the happy father, who wept bitterly, and filled the street with lamentations. He lost his senses, and from that moment never recovered his understanding. As he had sufficient fortune, his friends chose to let him remain in his house under two keepers appointed by Dr. Monro. Garrick frequently went to see his distracted friend, who passed the remainder of his life in going to the window, and there playing in fancy with his child. After some dalliance he dropped it, and, bursting into a flood of tears, filled the house with shrieks of grief and bitter anguish. He then sat down in a pensive mood, his eyes fixed on one object, at times looking slowly round him as if to implore compassion. Garrick was often present at this scene of misery, and was ever after used to say that it gave him the first idea of 'King Lear's' madness."

As the curtain fell on the dead king and his dead daughter, "Lear" and "Cordelia" lay on the stage side by side and hand in hand. They rose together, and hand in hand still went in silence to the dressing-room, followed by many of the company. They stood there, "Lear" and "Cordelia," still bound by the strong sympathy of the play, hand in hand, and without speaking. At last Garrick said, mournfully, and with a sigh:—

"Ah! Beside this is the last time I shall ever be your father—the last time!" Then their hands fell asunder.

Miss Young replied with an affectionate hope that, before they finally parted, he would kindly give her a father's blessing. Garrick raised his hands solemnly; Miss Young bent her knee, and bowed her fair head, as the old man fervently prayed God to bless her. Then slowly turning, he said, "May God bless you all!" and retired to take off his "King Lear" dress for the last time.

When Quin was dying at Bath, he said:—"I could wish that the last tragic scene were over, and I hope I may be enabled to meet and pass through it with dignity." On Garrick, that actor who had played a hundred characters, and had originated thirty, that last scene had now opened. Regret, sorrow, and gratitude were struggling in his heart.

On the 10th of June, 1776, Garrick appeared for the last time as "Don Felix" in the comedy of the *Wanderer*. He had wished to close with "Richard the Third," his first great triumph; but he had considered that after the nervous tumult of the tent-scene, and the rage and passion of the battle, he should be worth nothing, and might be too fatigued to utter his farewell. He braced himself up to be once more dazzling, vigorous, airy, gallant, and witty. He resolved to show himself as if passed through Medea's caldron, again young and vigorous. Garrick's thrift had been cruelly ridiculed by Foote and other heartless wits as the basest stinginess. His last public act, however, was a work of charity. He had always been a generous rival and a kind manager. He now wished to enforce on a thoughtless and somewhat reckless rascal the necessity of providing for the poor stragglers from the ranks, and for the defeated and beaten down in life's long and tough battle. A fund for old and infirm actors had been incorporated at Drury Lane by his exertions; he had also provided an annual benefit to help forward the charity. He now announced that the profits of his last night were to go to the admirable fund. His prologue on this occasion was admirably full of humor, and contained many happy allusions to the motley contrasts of theatrical life.

"A velvet seat, whose last act on the stage Intreats you smiles for sickness and for age; Their cause I plead; plead it in heart and mind; A fellow-feeling makes one word no word; kind! Might we not hope our zeal would not be less, When I am gone, to patronize distress, That hope obtain'd the wish'd-for end secure, To soothe their cares, who oft have lightened?"

Shall the great heroes of celestial line, Who drank full bowls of Greek and Roman wine, Caesar and Brutus, Agamemnon, Hector, Nay, Jove himself, who here has quair'd his neck, Shall they who govern'd fortune, cringe and court her, Thrust in their age, and call in vain for porter? Like Belshazzar, lay the pitying street, With pale beams on to their mortal coil, Shall I, who oft have drench'd my hands in gore, Stab many, poison'd some, beheld more, Who numbers sleep in battle on this plain, Shall I, the slayer, try to feed the slain? Brother to all, with equal love I view The men who slew me, and the men I slew: I must, I will, this happy project seize, That those, too old and weak, may live with ease.

Suppose the babes I smother'd in the tow'r, By chance or sickness, lose their acting power; Shall they, once princes, worse than all be In childhood murder'd, and when murder'd starv'd? Matrons still ravish'd, for your recreation, In age should see some one's consolation: Can I, young 'Hamlet,' once, to nature lost, Behold, O horrible! my father's ghost, With white beard, pale cheek, stark up and down?

And he, the royal Dane, want half-a-crown? How bid I, ladies, gentlemen, forbid it? How bid I, boys, to give you any aid? To you, ye gods! I make my last appeal; Will have a right to judge, as well as feel. That things, 'twixt queens, heroes, gods, and ghosts, May none offend!—That once on all secure; May ye, ye joy you give to tenfold yours."

Tuning himself by this playful and happily written prologue to his painful task, Garrick delivered it gaily, and with the true point and sparkle, and then went through his part of Don with great humor and assumed vivacity. Now came the awful moment that was to extinguish at once the sunshine of thirty years of public favor. He had now to close down over his own head the lid of his own coffin. The pleasure, pride, and hope of his life had been his success upon that stage upon

which he was now about to turn his reluctant back. He had had the good sense to feel that verse would be too restricting, a vehicle for his feelings of sorrow, and with his fine sensitive countenance quivering with unfeigned emotion, he advanced and addressed the audience in these simple but touching words:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen:—It has been customary with persons under my circumstances to address you in a farewell epilogue. I had the same intention, and turned my thoughts that way; but I found myself then as incapable of writing such an epilogue, as I should be now of speaking it. The jingle of rhyme and the language of fiction would but fit a very awful sentiment. This is to me a very awful moment; it is no less than parting forever with those from whom I have received the greatest kindness, and upon the spot where that kindness and your favors were enjoyed. (Here his voice failed him; he paused till a gush of tears relieved him.) Whatever may be the changes of my future life, the deepest impression of your kindness will always remain here—here in my heart, fixed and unalterable. I will very readily agree to my successors having more skill and ability for their station than I have had, but I defy them all to take more unintermitted pains for your favor, or to be more truly sensible of it than is your grateful humble servant."

Having uttered these sentiments, he bowed respectfully to all parts of the house, and at a slow pace, and with much hesitation, withdrew forever from the presence of the town.

The audience felt what it was losing, and was reluctant to part—parting is such sweet sorrow. They felt, as Dr. Browne had written, that this great genius had dignified the stage, had "restored it to the fulness of its ancient splendor, and with a variety of powers beyond example established a new system of mimicry." The gaiety of the nation, as Mr. Johnson said, was eclipsed by his exit. Men were seeing and hearing, for the last time, what Smollett had praised:—

"The sweetness and variety of tones, the irresistible magic of his eye, the fire and vivacity of his action, the elegance of attitudes, and the whole pathos of expression." Every face in the theatre was clouded with grief, tears were bursting from many eyes, and rolling down many cheeks. The sorrow was electric, and spread from heart to heart. The cry of "farewell" resounded from box to box, and seat to seat, till it became a mighty agitated clamor like the moan of a troubled ocean. A sun had gone down after a day of changeless lustre; the end of the theatrical world seemed come.

Garrick soon after signed the deeds for the sale of half his patent to Sheridan, Ford, and Lindley, and retired to his pretty and tranquil villa at Hampton. He died on January 20, 1779, at his house, No. 5 Adelphi-terrace. He was buried grandly in the Abbey—a fitting place for the grave of so wonderful a man. Years afterwards, Dr. Johnson and Boswell were one evening, in the summer evening stillness, looking over the rails of Adelphi-terrace at the Thames flowing below them, dark, silent, and mysterious as Lethe. After an interval of thoughtful silence, Boswell said:—

"I was thinking just then of two friends we have lost, who once lived in the buildings behind us. Topham Beadclerk, and Garrick."

"Ay, sir," said the great man, tenderly, "and two such friends as can never be supplied."

It is hard, almost impossible, to decide now whether Garrick was the greatest actor that had appeared up to his own time. Quin was too heavy and deliberate to be compared with him. But Betterton must have been a great genius to have fascinated Steele, and to have won the highest eulogies of a clever and sagacious observer of such experience as Cibber. His agony as "Othello," his graceful energy in the speech to the Senate, the reverential love with which as "Hamlet" he addressed the "Ghost," seem to have almost transcended any effort of Garrick's; but then Betterton was probably as much too oratorical and conventional as Kemble seemed to be beside Edmund Keen, or as Quin himself beside Garrick. The man, too, who used to play "Macbeth" in a brown velvet court-dress must have had a different ideal to our own more naturalistic school, or he would never have felt the outrageousness of such a convention.

Perhaps, after all, it is by a *résumé* of Garrick anecdotes that we get the best idea of the great actor. One of his most extraordinary powers seemed to have been the instantaneous quickness with which he could assume any character, or pass from tears to laughter. Betterton, when dressed for "Lear," remained "Lear," and took his wine at the side-scenes with the gravity of a monarch. Garrick would rise from the side of dead "Cordelia," skip into the greenroom, and gobble like a turkey-cock to amuse "Peg Woffington" or Mrs. Quin. He played the dagger-scene in ordinary dress to please Grimm, and the room, full of German critics, burst into involuntary shouts of applause. The next moment he was giving them a pasty-cook's boy who has a tray of tartlets fall in the gutter, and is at first stupefied, then noisy in his blubbering. We all know the story of the Garrick fever, a fresh epidemic that he caused by his crowded houses. The proverb still extant, of "clever as Garrick," speaks loudly, too, for his genius and his fame. He astonished Hogarth by assuming the face of Fielding, of whom no portrait existed. In Paris once, he nearly frightened the driver of a fiacre into fits by getting in at one door in the dusk, getting out at the other, and returning to get in each time with a new face and walk. When he and Preville, the French actor, both competed which could feign drunkenness the better while riding, Garrick carried off the bell, in the opinion of every one, by showing that Preville was fairly drunk, wherever except his legs, but that they remained solidly sober. When he went to Carmontelle for the picture of the comic Garrick watching the tragic Garrick, he kept up an incessant facial change from wild joy to sadness, terror, rage, anguish, and despair. Like his friend Hogarth, he was a great student of street faces. One night during a fierce parliamentary debate in the year 1771, an angry member, catching sight of Garrick's droll, watchful face, moved that the gallery should be cleared. Burk instantly sprang up like a rocket, and pleaded for the great master of eloquence, from whom he himself had derived many of the graces of oratory. Black-browed Fox and dexterous Townshend followed, and also claimed Garrick as their preceptor. He was instantly exempted from the general order, and remained in the gallery, pleased and triumphant, to the infinite vexation of the honorable gentleman who had moved his expulsion. These stories, and such as these, prove how deep an impression Garrick's genius made in the minds of even the greatest men of his era.

II. MRS. SIDDONS.

That great tragic actress, Mrs. Siddons, the daughter of a strolling manager who had originally been hairdresser to the company, made her first appearance on the stage almost as soon as she could speak. Lord Alibury and Lady

Boyle patronized her at Cheltenham soon after her marriage, and mentioned her to Garrick, who gave her an engagement at five pounds per week. She was young, fragile, and timid then, and Garrick never cared much about her. He declared "that he was afraid she would overshadow his nose." Mrs. Abington, however, asserted her genius, and she soon afterwards went to Bath. Henderson praised her there, and her triumph began. In 1782 she came to London, and astonished the town as "Isabella" in Southern's play. From that moment her fame began. When she played "Jane Shore," the ladies sobbed and shrieked; the men wept, and fainting fits were of momentary occurrence in the boxes. Her "Callista" and "Belvidera" touched every heart. When she played "Mrs. Beverley," in the *Gambler*, she pit toiled to curse and threaten and yell at the wicked "Stukeley," and people, afraid of the excitement, have been known to stay in the lobby and look in at the square glasses of the box doors, so as not to hear the words, but only see the wonderful face. Once, when she played "Agnes," in *The Fatal Curiosity*, a gentleman in the pit went into hysterics. In the fainting scene in *Tamerlane*, she was so deeply moved that she really swooned. Whether as "Lady Macbeth," "Cordelia," "Voluntia," or "Queen Katharine," she was always classical, majestic, graceful, sublime, inspired.

In 1812 this great actress took her farewell of the stage. She had for some time been wishing to realize ten thousand pounds, and escape the fatigues of her profession. Later her enunciation had grown too slow, her straining for effect too visible. Yet there were regrets that she whispered to herself and bosom friends. To Mrs. Piozzi she said:—

"This last season of my acting I feel as if I were mounting the first step of a ladder conducting me to the other world."

She did her best, however, to make her sunset a tropical one; for she performed fifty-seven times in her last season, and in fourteen favorite characters:—"Lady Macbeth," "Mrs. Beverley," "Lady Constantine," "Elvira," "Euphrasia," "Queen Katharine," "Isabella" (*Fatal Marriage*), "Isabella" (*Measure for Measure*), "Belvidera," "Hermione," "Voluntia," and "Mrs. Haller."

She chose for her final play *Macbeth*; the Thane's dark and dangerous wife being one of her greatest triumphs, although playgoers asserted that Mrs. Pritchard had more dignity and more compass, strength, and melody of voice. In the sleeping scene the older critics claimed for Mrs. Pritchard signs of deeper agony, and a voice more sleepy and more articulate. Yet was her acting divine. She moved like a prophetess; her beautiful face was the interpreter of a noble mind. She moved like a queen, and spoke like a Pythian. As Hazlitt says finely:—"The enthusiasm she excited had something idolatrous about it. We can conceive nothing grander. She embodied, to our imagination, the fables of mythology of the heroic and deified mortals of elder time. She was not less than a goddess or than a prophetess inspired by the gods. Power was seated on her brow; passion radiated from her breast as from a shrine. She was Tragedy personified." The public was gazing for the last time on her who, as Campbell said, had "increased the heart's capacity for tender, intense, and lofty feelings."

At the farewell night her old inspiration seemed to have returned. She was supernatural from the moment she instilled into the chieftain's ear the first poisonous thought of evil till the time when, a mere wreck of remorse and disappointed ambition, a miserable queen, she moved like a phantom of the night, muttering fragments of her dreams all pervaded by the one racking thought. Her eyes were open, but they were consciousness and blank. The soul was absent, and in torture.

When she rubbed her thin white hands in her horrible remembrance of the blood that had once bathed her face, the house shuddered with an ague fit of horror and pity.

At the close of this scene the applause was frantic and unmanageable. Many persons stood upon the benches, and, dreading an anti-climax, shouted requests that the performance might close when Mrs. Siddons left the stage. An actor then came forward, and at once promised that this wish should be complied with. The curtain was dropped for twenty minutes, then rose, and discovered Mrs. Siddons, dressed simply in white, sitting at a table. She came forward through a tornado of applause, which would have continued for some time. When the full spread, she moved forward in her own quietly way, and delivered the following address, written for her by her nephew, Mr. Horace Twiss:—

"Who has not felt how growing age endears The fond remembrance of our former years? Who has not sigh'd when doom'd to leave at last The hopes of youth, the habits of the past, Ten thousand ties and interests, that impart A second nature to the human heart, And, crumbling round it close, like tendrils, cling, Blooming in age, and sanctified by time?"

"Yet at this moment crowd upon my mind Scenes of bright days for ever left behind, Bewildering visions of enraptured youth, When hope and fancy wore the garb of truth, And long-forgotten years, that almost seem The faded traces of a morning dream! Sweet are these mournful thoughts: for they renew The pleasing sense of all I love to you, For each inspiring smile and soothing tear—The fond remembrance of your long career, That cheer'd my earliest hope, and cased my latest fear."

"And though, for me, those tears shall flow no more, And the warm sunshine of your smile is o'er,— Though the bright beams are fading fast, And lend to later life a softer tone, That shone unclouded through my summer day, Yet grateful Memory shall reflect their light O'er the dim shadows of the coming night, And lend to later life a softer tone, A moonlight tint—a lustre of her own."

"Judges and friends! to whom the magic strain Of Nature's feeling never spoke in vain, Perhaps your hearts, when years have glided by, At such emotions have a beating sigh, May think on her, whose lips have pour'd so long The charmed sorrows of your Shakespeare's pen, On her, who parting to return no more, Is now the mourner she but seem'd before,— The fond remembrance of the meeting spell, And breathes, with swelling heart, her long, her last Farewell!"

Towards the close of the address Mrs. Siddons became much agitated, and when, after some pauses, it ended, Kemble, in his grand Roman way, came and led his sister from the stage amid whirlwinds of applause.

For Mrs. Siddons! She had had a grand career of almost unalloyed triumph; but still calamity had often stung her. The misdoings of a bad sister, who had read lectures at Dr. Graham's quick Temple of Health, and afterwards tried to poison herself in Westminster Abbey, were all laid at her door. She was also accused of mean theft, and of allowing her old father to become a petitioner for alms.

These slanders were, we have every reason to believe, utterly untrue. Mrs. Siddons, to judge from her letters, and the accounts of her intimate friends, seems to have been a high-minded, prudent, self-respecting woman, uninfatuated by her extraordinary fame and the high society into which it had led her. After gaily days at countesses' where lords and ladies elbowed each other, and stood on chairs in their

anxiety to see her, she returned, calm, dignified, and contented, to her quiet home in Gower street. It might have turned even the wisest woman's head to have Reynolds painting his name on the hem of her garment as the Tragic Muse, and Dr. Johnson calling her "a glorious woman"—a prodigiously fine woman, who on the stage was adored by nature and glorified by art.

As even the sun has spots, so there are certain deductions, however, to be made from even such a fame as that of the Siddons. Mrs. Crawford qualified her as "Lady Randolph." Mrs. Cibber rivalled her in "Zarn." She did little as "Juliet." She spoiled "Rosalind" by prudish scruples about the pretty fantastic male dress necessary to the part. Mrs. Jordan was far more charming in that charming character. Mrs. Cibber surpassed the Siddons as "Ophelia." In love she was too solemn, in comedy too heavy. Her "Lady Townley" wanted alms; her "Lady in Towns," her "Katharine," "Portia," and "Cleone," were by no means successes.

The Siddons's face, though grandly grave and Grecian, was rather too Jewish and pronounced in the nose and chin; the action of her arms disaffected even to the last hypercritical men with a difficult taste, like Horace Walpole. In domestic life she retained a certain stiff, tragic manner, which had become habitual with her, as with her brother, John Philip. She stabbed the potatoes at dinner, and said regally and metrically to the servants:—

"I ask for wafer, and you gave me beer."

But a great genius left the stage when the dark green curtain fell, for the last time, on the majestic figure and face of Sarah Siddons.—*All the Year Round.*

FINANCIAL. NOTICE TO THE HOLDERS OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA, DUE AFTER JULY 2, 1860.

Holders of the following LOANS OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA are requested to present them for payment (Principal and Interest) at

The Farmers' and Mechanics' National Bank of Philadelphia.

Loan of March 1, 1833, due April 10, 1863.
" April 5, 1834, due July 1, 1862.
" April 13, 1835, due July 1, 1865.
" February 9, 1839, due July 1, 1864.
" March 16, 1839, due July 1, 1864.
" June 27, 1839, due June 27, 1864.
" January 23, 1840, due January 1, 1865.

All of the above LOANS will cease to draw interest after September 30, 1867.

JOHN W. GEARY, GOVERNOR.
JOHN F. HARTRANFT, AUDITOR-GENERAL.
WILLIAM H. KEMBLE, STATE TREASURER.

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NORTH MISSOURI RAILROAD FIRST MORTGAGE SEVEN PER CENT. BONDS.

Having purchased \$600,000 of the FIRST MORTGAGE COUPON BONDS OF THE NORTH MISSOURI RAILROAD COMPANY, BEARING SEVEN PER CENT INTEREST, having 30 years to run, we are now prepared to sell the same at the low rate of 85.

And the accrued interest from this date, thus paying the investor over 9 per cent. interest, which is payable semi-annually.

This Loan is secured by a First Mortgage upon the Company's Railroad, 171 miles already constructed and in running order, and 82 miles additional to be completed by the first of October next, extending from the city of St. Louis into Northern and Central Missouri.

Particulars will be given on application to either of the undersigned.

E. W. CLARK & CO., JAY COOKE & CO., DREXEL & CO.

Parties holding other securities, and wishing to change them for this Loan, can do so at the market rates. \$100

7 3-10s, ALL SERIES, CONVERTED INTO FIVE-TWENTIES.

BONDS DELIVERED IMMEDIATELY. DE HAVEN & BROTHER 102 1/2 P. NO. 40 S. THIRD STREET.

NATIONAL BANK OF THE REPUBLIC, 809 and 811 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

CAPITAL \$1,000,000. DIRECTORS: Joseph T. Eddy, Nathan Hill, Benj. Howard Jr., Samuel A. Johnson, Edward B. Orie.

WM. H. REAVEN, President, Cashier of the Central National Bank. JOS. P. MUMFORD, Cashier, Cashier of the Philadelphia National Bank.

GOVERNMENT SALES. SALE OF HORSES, MULES, WAGONS, ETC. DEPOT QUARTERMASTER'S OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C., Sep. 7, 1867.

Will be sold by public auction, by direction of the Quartermaster-General, at Lincoln Depot, on WEDNESDAY, September 25, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M.: 200 Horses, 50 sets Amblucane or 250 Spring Wagons, 50 Two-horse Harness, 100 Six-mule Wagons, 50 sets Mule Harness, 100 Wagon Saddles, 100 Saddle Blankets, 600 Wagon Bows, 100 Mule Collars, 100 Fifth Chains, 100 Double Trees, worn, 100 Spreaders, Chaises, 400 Single Trees, worn, 100 Wagon Covers, 200 Horse Brushes, worn, 200 Curry Combs, worn, 100 Lead Lines, worn, 100 Feed Troughs, worn, 100 Tar Buckets, worn, 100 Jack Screws, worn. The Horses, Mules, Wagons, and Amblucane will be sold singly or by lot, as may be desired, though worn, are serviceable.

Particular attention is called to this lot of Mules, being very superior animals, well broken to harness.

Terms—Cash in Government funds, or by check on the Treasury, or by check on the Quartermaster-General, or by check on the Treasurer, U. S. A. 99 1/2

GOVERNMENT SALE AT HILTON HEAD, S. C. The following Ordnance Property will be sold at Public Auction, at Ordnance Depot, Hilton Head, S. C., on TUESDAY, September 21, 1867, commencing at 10 A. M.: About 500 net tons of Shot and Shell. 200 " " Loaded Shell. " 25 " " Cast-iron, filled. " 15 " " Scrap Cast Iron. " 10 " " Scrap Wrought Iron. " 1 " " Scrap Brass.

3 Artillery Carriages (Iron), 93 Wooden Artillery Carriages (Iron), 50 Wooden Chaises and Sleds (Iron), 50 Saddles (Mechanical), 34 Sleds (Artillery), 50 sets of Artillery Harness, 1300 Bridles, 623 Cartridges, 560 Saddle Bags, 8200 Hay-bags, 2000 Cartridges, 2000 Saddle Boxes, 107 Cartridge-box Belts, 2312 Gun Slings, 2222 Wadlets, 339 Bullet Moulds, and a quantity of other property, constituting principally of Rags, Ropes, but including also a few pieces of Tools, etc. etc.

Also, a two-story Frame Dwelling house, of the following dimensions—22 feet front by 32 1/2 feet depth, containing 8 spacious rooms. Terms—Cash on the day of sale, in United States currency.

A duplicate allowed for the removal of property, at the expiration of which that not removed will revert to the Government. By authority of Chief